

Red Thread of Fate by [talesfromthesnogbox](#)

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Summary:

Mike didn't believe in this whole soulmate thing, but the red thread of fate kept them together. "Mikeven and red string of fate/soulmate au pretty please?" tumblr prompt sent in by puzzlingsnark!

Red Thread of Fate

Author's Note:

Hey all! Thanks for clicking! So this is a soulmate/red thread of fate AU, and I've seen SO MANY soulmate AU's so I wanted to try something different. If you've never heard of the red thread of fate piece of mythology you should check it out cause it's a cool read. Anyways, I love hearing your prompts, send em in to [talesfromthesnogbox](#) on tumblr!

Screaming. That's all she remembered from that horrible white room were the sounds of her screams, and of course the pain.

Every inch of her body felt like it was on fire, and before she knew it, she could no longer breathe.

When she woke up, it wasn't in the sterile white room. The place was filled with stars, darkness, and a woman. She beckoned the girl over, and she went, sitting beside the motherly figure.

"Where am I?" She asked timidly.

"The wrong place." The mother responded. "It's not your time child."

The girl frowned, not quite understanding what the woman was saying to her. "What..." she noticed the red string attached to her smallest finger. The string had no end in sight, it went on and on for days in the vast nothingness, and she couldn't be more confused.

“The red thread of fate, they call it. *That* is exactly why it’s not your time to move on. There’s someone on Earth who needs you, you’re tied to him, you’ve been tied to him your whole life, and you’ll forever be entwined. He needs you, and you’re not yet meant to move on. Now go.”

The next thing she remembers is waking up in the sterile room. The people are gone, there’s a white sheet over her body, and the room is silent. It was the perfect time to make her escape.

She ran through the halls, barely escaping the bad men, but she made it.

For the first time in her life, Eleven met a good man. Benny was his name, he was kind and gave her food, but he didn’t make it.

Mike was the second good man she met. As soon as she laid eyes on him... everything changed.

He hadn’t been expecting the girl to show up, soaking wet in the middle of the forest. If anything, Mike more than ever wanted to find Will, his best friend, but instead, he found her.

Eleven.

El for short.

She was completely different than any other person he'd met in his entire life. El looked at him like he was the sun.

Of course, he didn't realize that he'd *actually* saved her, nor did he realize that he was the reason she was still on this Earth as a living, breathing human being.

For within that short week in November 1983, El became his everything. His face lit up when he saw her, his heart picked up at an alarming speed. He couldn't wait to see her, and with a simple kiss in the cafeteria, he knew it was more than just a silly crush.

Which is why now, on day 340 of her being gone, Mike felt like complete and utter shit.

"Come on man, you've been acting like a complete shithead since she left. She'll come back, I know it." Dustin felt like he'd given Mike the same pep talk over and over again.

"But what if she doesn't? Dustin, I—I can't explain it. She's more than just... some girl, okay? I feel like part of me is physically missing without her. Like... when I found her that day, everything inside of me just clicked, and now I'm falling apart."

“Dude, you only knew her for a week, you’re acting like you’re in love with her or something.”

“I dunno...” Mike started, “maybe I am, who knows. It was different when she was around, I was happier.”

“Shit... you’re really serious about her.”

Mike looked at Dustin. “Yeah, I told you, I’m not fucking around here. There’s no way to explain why... I just... yeah.”

“Well maybe she’s your person.” Dustin shrugged.

“What?”

“You know, all that crap about soulmates and everything with the red string of fate or whatever.”

Mike made a face. “I’ve literally never heard that in my life Dustin.”

Dustin rolled his eyes. “Clearly you’re not up to date on your mythology. You know, the invisible string that connects two lovers, only the fates can break it at death.”

“Sounds ridiculous.” Mike said, shaking his head.

Thirteen days later, shit hit the fan.

Will was in... bad shape to put it lightly. Hawkins was swarming with Demodogs, and the Byers house was surrounded.

“We’re never gonna be able to take them all on.” Lucas said, his voice wavering as Max held onto his shoulders.

“Stop it kid, we’ll be fine.” Hopper insisted, gun raised towards the door. All eyes were glued to the door, the sound of the things outside making their skin crawl. Nobody expected the Demodogs to be as smart as they were, nobody expected one to jump in through the back window, and Mike wasn’t expecting the pain as it bit into his neck, at just the right angle to hit his jugular.

He woke up on the floor, covered in a layer of water, but his clothes weren’t actually wet. Blackness surrounded him, but bright stars cut through the darkness and that’s when he saw the woman.

If he had a heart, it would be racing, but he didn’t need it in the place he was in. The woman beckoned him over, and he followed blindly not noticing the string attached to his pinky finger.

“She failed. Your time has come, my child.”

Mike frowned as the woman gestured to the string, quickly splitting

until it was nearing the last thread. *The Red Thread of Fate*. Dustin was right; El was his soulmate... who else could the woman be talking about?

“No!” He said, panicked, as he tried to mend the thread, but the woman before him only shook her head.

“She couldn’t fulfill her duty, Michael. Sometimes the Fates must break the thread.”

Tears came to his eyes, and he desperately tried to keep the thread together.

“It just wasn’t meant to...” The woman trailed off as Mike’s futile attempts suddenly began to work. The thread started repairing itself, and Mike’s face broke into a smile.

Something grabbed his arm forcefully. He looked back, but could see nothing, dragging him towards nothingness. “No, no, take me back! TAKE ME BACK!” He pleaded, crying out to the vast nothingness. An awful feeling spread through him as the lights faded to tiny dots in the distance. He couldn’t give up, but he wasn’t strong enough to run towards the light, so he let it happen, until the feeling subsided and he was left alone in the dark.

“Hello? El? Anyone?” Mike cried out, a mere echo reaching back to him. “El?” Tears streamed down his face as he became desperate. “EL!”

“Mike!”

The world was suddenly coming back to him. He could no longer hear echoes of his own screams, but instead, a steady beep from a monitor. He was cold, but could see a bright light from beneath his eyelids, and her voice... that sweet, sweet voice he hadn't heard in 353 days... or had it been more?

A warm hand was in his own, and he could hear his mother calling for a doctor.

“You made it.”

He began to open his eyes. A hospital, he remembered how sterile it'd been when Will was suck there.

“Oh my god, honey, it's alright, I'm here.” Mike could hear his mother beside him, could feel her stroking his hair.

“Wh-what...”

“You were attacked by a bear in the forest outside Will's house. They said it would take a miracle to pull through.” Karen choked out through her tears. Mike glanced at El for the first time in nearly a whole year, and she smiled knowingly.

It was the longest day of his life, his parents hardly ever leaving his

side, and he had a steady stream of guests and doctors, in and out. Mike was exhausted, but thankful El had stayed even after everyone left.

“It was you, wasn’t it? You saved me.”

El nodded. “And you saved me.”

“But how...”

El cast her eyes downward, staring at their entwined hands. “When you found me... I nearly died. It was... dark, and there was a—”

“A woman.”

She perked up, her eyes finally meeting his. “And the red thread... I —It wasn’t my time, I was meant to save you.”

“And you did, Ellie, you did.” Mike feebly lifted their entwined hands to his lips and pressed a soft kiss to the back of her hand.

“It’s... it’s you... our—”

“Our red threads are connected.” Mike confirmed with a smile. “I-I think you’re my soulmate, El.”

She smiled and leaned in, pressing a kiss to his lips, and pulled away giggling when the beeping of his heart monitor sped up.

Years passed after Mike's slow recovery. He didn't breathe a word of the woman, or the darkness to any of his friends. They knew enough shit about other worlds, they didn't need to know about their experience with the afterlife just yet.

He and El were inseparable as she rejoined society as Jane Hopper. He was the Yin to her Yang; they perfectly balanced each other out and worked together in perfect harmony.

It wasn't always smooth sailing, they broke up just after Mike finished college, but they were changed people. They weren't the same apart as they were together, that red thread of fate worked hard to keep them in check, and it wasn't long before Mike was at her door with tears, an apology, and a diamond ring.

Then as the years went by, whenever she was frightened, or the world seemed too big, he'd link their pinky fingers as a reminder of how the universe connected them.